In the light of the moon, by the side of the water.

My seat on the sand and her seat on my knees.

We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter.

My sweet little daughter Louise.

We wonder what city the pathway of glory.

That broadens away to the limitless west,

Leads up to—she minds her of some pretty story.

And says: "To the city that mortals love Then I say: "It must lead to the far away The beautiful City of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the stand two in the shadow of whispering trees, And one loves my daughter, my beautiful

My womanly daughter Louise. She steps to the boat with a touch of his fin And out on the diamonded pathway they

move: The shallop is lost in the distance, it lingers It waits, but I know that its coming will That it went to the walls of the wonderful The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water, I wait for her coming from over the seas; wait but to welcome the dust of my daugh

ter.
To weep for my daughter Louise.
The path, as of old, reaching out in its spiendor,
Gleams bright, like a way that an angel I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender, 8weet clay to lie under the pitful sod: But she resis at the end of the path, In the

city, nose "builder and maker is Gop." HOMER GREENE in our Continent.

MRS. DODD'S PORTIERE, 'I mean to have a portiere, sure's you

live,' anounced Mrs. Dodd. 'Lor, what's that?' asked Lucinda One of Mrs. Parloa's new recipes?' I

hope it's something good.'
'A portiere! child alive! 'Don't you know what that is? They's curtains, hung up to the doors, and they sweet on the floor—and they're worked with crewels, and yarns and things! Lawyer Browne's folks, over to Hingham, have real satin brocade ones in the best parlor, good enough for a gown. But Mrs. Kitchener the housekeeper, she took me into her room, and there they was nothing but coffee-bagging if you'll believe it, with bits of collored cotton flannel sewed on 'em; and the bagging ain't over fifteen cents a yard.'

'I don't see the good of hanging curtains up to the doors; nobody can see through 'em.'

'Lor, child, the door is took off, and the portiere hangs in its place, and looks mighty grand, and makes you feel as though you was living in a pal-

'I don't believe it'll deceive me,' sniffed Lucinda.

'Do get the dictionary down, Lucindy, and look out portiere. I want to know how to spell it, and all about it, and when Mrs. Jerry comes in she can't trip me. How cut up she'll be! You know when brother Ben left me his best woolen carpet she wanted to know if I wasn't afraid of moths getting into the house."

Lucinda took down the consumptivelooking dictionary and pondered over

'I don't believe that's the right word,' she said presently; 'there ain't no such word here.

'No such word! You're just like your Aunt Jerry Dodd,-always making folks miserable. Don't you suppose Mrs. Kitchener knows, and she living this twenty years up ter Lawyer Browne's?'

I daresay she's poking fun at you. Poking fun at me! Do you think your mother is a person calkilated to hev fun poked at her, Lucindy Dedd? 'The Duncans have got an unabridged,' said Lucinda, waving the question,

'I'll go over and hunt it up.' 'But don't let on what you're looking after. I want the neighbors to come in and ask what I've got a-hanging up there, and I want to tell 'em a 'portiere, to be sure;' and I want to see 'em aturning it over in their minds, dying of curiosity to know what a portiere is, but

of the thing before,'
But Mrs. Kitchener, who had been commissioned to buy the coffee-bagging in Hingman, happened over with it the next day.

hating to give in that they never heard

'Do you know,' said Mrs. Dodd, privately, 'we've hunted through the dictionary, and Lucindy's looked in the unabridged, and we can't find portiere high or low."

'Of course you couldn't,' answered Mrs. Kitchener. 'Why, it's a French word!

'A French word ! repeated Mrs. Dodd.
'A real French word ! You don't say so ! Why folks'll come from Oldbury, and Nearfield, and all about to see it, just as if it was a whole menagerie. Mrs. Jerry'll be just fit to die. But I don't know what Tom'll say about tak-

ing the door off the hinges.'
'I guess he'll talk French,' put in Lucinda. And he did.

'Take the door off the hinges!' he cried. 'What tom-foolery is this, eh?' Are you crazy, Pamely? All the neighbors'll be laughing at you. Hang the portiere.

'That's just what we want to do" giggled Lucinda.

'The neighbors don't laugh at Lawyer Browne's folks, and there's portieres and portieres all over the house. I see em with my own eyes.'

'And all the doors took off?' gasped

Blessed if I ever heard of such a thing! It must be modern progress! Why not take down a side of the house and hang up a curtain? What's it for, any way? It ain't pretty; it looks like a horse-blanket. It'll be mighty nice for rheumatism and influenzy.

not take the roof off the house, instead? But for all Tom Dodd's disapproval the door came off, and the portiere, brilliant with cotton-flannel dragons, Japanese young men and women, halfmoons and hieroglyphics, resigned in its stead. Mrs. Dood was ready for the neighbors.

'Mercy sakes alive!' ejaculated Mrs.
Jerry, who had come in with her darning for a little gossip. 'What on earth have you got hanging up there? and where's your door gone?'

'That? Oh, that's only a portiere,' nyroyal to steep. You don't feel fever-

as if a portiere in Millvillage was the most common thing in the world. 'A what! It looks like a side-show

at the circus, or a poster.'
'Everybody don't take to 'em when
they first see 'em,' tittered Lucinda.
'Father didn't. Folks have to be educated up to 'em, like eating tomatoes.' 'A portiere, did you say? Where'd

you get the ideer? 'It's a French word,' said Mrs. Tom, as if French were her daily speech. 'It came from France.'

'Pity it hadn't stayed there. It must let in a sight of cold air.' 'We haven't suffered no inconven ience,' returned Mrs. Tom, loftily.

As luck would have it, however, cold snap set in about this time. Mrs. Dood piled on the coal and shivered sur-

reptitiously.
'Your what-you-may-call-it don' seem to keep out the cold like a door,' suggested Mrs. Jerry in another of her neighborly calls. 'I don't believe they'll be popular in Millvillage.'

'They're popular at Lawyer Browne's and in the first families to Hingham,' returned her sister-in-law.

'Well, I s'pose they have a furnace there, and the price of coal ain't no consequence to em. For my part, I shouldn't be able to reconcile it to my conscience to waste Jerry's substance in a portiere.'

If Mrs. Dodd had wished to set the neighborhood agog she succeeded; Mill-village wasn't used to esthetic ideas, and the report that she had taken a door off the hinges and hung up a cur-tain in its stead seemed to their unenlightened minds the height of absurd-

'But it really does look ever so pretty, said one genial soul at the sewing circle, only my teeth chattered in my head all the time I stayed at Miss Dood's.'

'Lucindy tells me it's a new-fangled notion they got up to Hingham; she says it's all around there, as if it was the measles. It's what they call 'Art the milliner.

'Art fiddlesticks," snapped Mrs. Jerry, the art of taking cold, I reckon. Pameley had the doctor last night and a mustard plaster! I calkilate she's

decorated with a blister by this time.'
'I'm afeared Miss Dodd's getting dreadful worldly to be so took up with coffee-bagging and cotton-flannel when there's missionary work to be done, sighed old Mrs. Preacher.

'Miss Dodd's got gentility on the brain,' put in the village dressmaker. She wants to lead the fashions in Mill-

'I think it's our duty get to up a peti-tion and ask her to hev the door hung again, seeing's the sewing society's going to meet there next week; it wouldn't be convenient, for all of us to hev the influenzy together,' suggested the president of the society.

'It's flying in the face of Providence,

persisted Mrs. Jerry. But before the week ended Aunt make Mrs. Dodd a visit, as the weather

had moderated. 'I thought I'd take alvantage of the warm speil," she exclaimed. 'You see I'm going over to Hingham next week to hev Lawyer Browne make my will, figure, the growers would make a profit and I thought I'd stop awhile along of \$1,000 to the acre. It is the only with you, Pameley, on my way. You know, she continued, dropping into a whisper as though the heirs were all at | the slightest signs of blight. her elbow, 'if I don't make it and it seems as if I was old enough-everything'll go to his folks! seeing's I'm only your aunt-in-law, having married your own uncle Roger Hill for my first husband and my good-for-nothing cousin Tom Jackman for my second; if I don't make it, you see, not a dollar'd belong to you, as I brought you up till you married Mr. Dodd! Laws is queer, you know; so I thought I wouldn't wait no longer, but take advantage of the thaw and hev Lawyer Browne cut his folks

off with a dollar.' But the thaw was followed by another cold wave before Aunt Hannah cotton, and the only expense is the pickcould start for Hingham.

'It won't last long.' Mrs. Dodd con-soled her, 'and then Tom'll drive you it amounts to saying that she can raise

over in the pung.'

'It's proper pleasant here,' chirruped the old lady, 'and I wouldn't grudge staying all winter, if his folks had only been cut ou. How well Ben's woolen carpet wears, and the horse-hair furniture looks so genteel. When you get my legacy—ain't there a door open somewhere, Pameley? I've got cold water a-running down my back'—

'Do put on this shawl, Aunt Hannah,' begged Mrs. Dodd; 'I'll stir up the fire and bring my foot-stove and a bottle of hot water; the house is old, you see, and full of cracks.'

'When you get my legacy you can have a new one, Pameley. What have you got that counterpane hanging up to the doorway for? To keep out the

'That's aportiere, Aunt Hannah. 'Lor,' I heard up to Nearfield that you had a portiere and folks wondered what it was like, and said they hoped it wasn't nothing catching; I've been meaning to ask you about it ever since I come, but the will and the cold snap put it out of my head. So that's a por-tiere, eh? Can't you afford a door,

Pameley? 'We took it off a-purpose,' said Lu-cinda; 'doors ain't anything beside portieres, now-a-days.'

h, do you?

But poor Aunt Hannah never reached Hingham, and the will was never

'Pride goes before a fall,' Tom Dodd reflected aloud. 'You paid a pretty price for your portiere, Pameley; hope you feel as though you'd got your money's worth.'

'It's like locking the stable after the horse is stole,' remarked Lucinda when the curtain was taken down and the door replaced.

'I don't never want to hear the name again, Lucinda Dodd; don't talk to me of portieres,' said her mother; 'they oughtn't never to have been invented." 'It ain't to be sneezed at,' said Lucin--Our Continent.

Georgia's Fruits.

Georgia put peaches into market on May 20, and New York paid seventy-five cents apiece for the first crate. The one crate, the product of two or three limbs of a peach tree, brought more money to the owner than an acre of the best cotton. Peaches will grow of the best cotton. Peaches will grow anywherein the State. One finds the tree along the roads, off in the field, and even in the woods. And they hang full. This year the yield is beyond anything ever seen, and the railroads and steamboats have made rates that will put Georgia fruit into all the Northern markets. The largest peach orchard in the South, if not in the world is located near Griffin. It contains 50,000 trees and covers almost 600 acres of land, on the same farm are 4,000grafted apple trees and 5,000 fine pear trees. The income of this year will exceed that of any 2,000 acre wheat farm or cotton plantation.

Georgia is wild over the LeConte pear. It is equeal to the Californian in size, and surpasses it in flavor. Some thirty years ago Mr. Le Conte, being in a New York Nursery, was given a seedling. He took it home to Georgia, gave it a place in the grownd not caring much whether it lived or died, and he himself died be-Decoration, explained Mrs. Lutestring, fore the tree matured. War spared it and the immense yield and find .flavor attracted attention. The neighbors begged cuttings, and in a few years the LeConte was established in two or three counties, but it is only in the last few years that it has made a reputation away from home. The tree is one of unusual vigor. The tree has never been known to blast. Cut off a twig call Oigs. and stick it in the ground and it will take root. The pears are of great size, the flavor is exquisite, and a full-sized tree will yield from twenty to twenty as \$2,000 from seventy-five trees, and there is not one tree in a hundred that will not yield at least 1 and mothers for will not yield at least fifteen bushels. The first of the season sell at about \$12 per bushel, and the price never goes below \$4. Some of those who started in first, have made a great deal by selling cuttings, and orders are now received from almost every locality in America. The shipments began with ten bushels, and this year will be over Hannah dropped in from Nearfield to 10,000. In three years from this the your order to G. A. Burch & Co., 12 Gratiot shipments will probably count up 25, Ave. Fruit ladders pointed. Special discount 000. In three years from this, the to agents or trade. Send for list. shipments will probably count up 25, Door and window screens, wood turning, 000 bushels and the price may come scroll sawing, etc. variety of pear ever known which bears each season and has never shown

Georgia is putting out a vineyard for almost every other cornfield, and its grapes will be in market six weeks before those around the shores of Lake Erie. The Concord, Salem, Delaware, Hartford and all other varieties yield splendidly, and bring such prices as make farmers look wild.

Georgia is as certain of a big yield of plums each year, as the farmer is of potatoes or corn. It is rare that worms or blight fall upon them, and the fruit is of extraordinary size, and of excellent flavor. Ten plum trees will bring in about as much money as an acre of

any variety in the utmost profusion. Ten years hence she will raise more peaches, pears, plums, grapes and straw-berries than any other state in the Union. Her fruit growers are now mak-

ing more money from ten acres than any cotton or cereal farmer is from forty Her boom is not a speculation, but has been brought about by hard work, good planning and common sense investments.

An old story of Emerson and Father Taylor has lately been revived, and is worth remembering as the involuntary invited Emerson to meet the ole man, and he hesitated. "Father Taylor is a caunon, better on the country of the caunon, better on the country of the caunon, better on the caunon better on the caunon of the caunon cannon, better on the common than in a parlor," he answered, but finally consented. As he left the table for his train Dr. Bartol said to Father Taylor: "That is a sweet spirit." "Yes, yes," said Taylor; "should he go to hell it would change the climate and emigration would be that way." Father Taylor also said of him; "I have laid my ear close to his heart and never detected any jar in the machinery. He is more like Jesus than anybody else I have known.'

Twelve thousand tons of locust eggs would seem a reasonable number to have destroyed, but though rewards 'I'm afraid it ain't wholesome,' said Aunt Hannah, her teeth chattering in her head, to speak figuratively. 'I believe I'm coming down with one of my colds, as though she had a monopoly of them. 'I hope it won't be nothing serious till I see Lawyer Browne; his folks would laugh in their sleeves if

Bishop Foss (Methodist), who has come out ahead in a severe fight of erysipelas, is one of the finest specimens of physical manhood in America. Tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, he has a complexion as fair as a woman's and blue eye as clear as can be found in the mountains or on the prairies. He has always believed that no honest man can have too much of gospel, roast beef, conscience and pure air and has by his personal life proved the soundness of his theories.

BOAST not of beginnings. President H. G. Weston of Crozer Theological Seminary, says that his total salary the first year of his ministry, was fifty

Rubbing it Out.

The editor of the Courier, Mr. W. F. Cook, was seized a few mornings ago by a terrible pain in the left shoulder and neck. Having been favorably impressed for some time with the virtue of an article recommended for all sudden pains, and especially rheumatism, we rubbed the offending part, and in less time than we write it, relief came, That article is St. Jacobs Oil.—Canaoharie (N. Y.) Courier.

The German Reichstag rejects the tobacco nonopoly bill.

"I believe St. Jacobs Oil to be the very best remedy known to mankind," says Mr. Roberts, business manager of this paper .- Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

Seven lives were lost during a storm on the coast of New Zeland.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, nightsweats, and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

The steamer Peru founders off Cape Bace and ten persons are missing.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" perfectly and permanently cures those diseases peculiar to females. It is tonic and nervine, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensetions that affect the stomach and heart through reflex action. The back ache, and "dragging down" sensations all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.

The military party in Egypt demand the restoration of the Khedive.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

taught their daughters that "a stitch in time saves nine." A pill in time saves not only him, but of times an incalculable amount of suffering as well. An occasional dose of Dr. Pierce's Pellets (Little sugar-coated Pills), to cisause the stomuca and bowels, not only pre-vents diseases but often breaks up sudden attacks when taken in time. By druggists.

The Czar has a new princess, which they will

The Albion Hotel at Port Huron, Michigau, is offered for saic, theap, this affords an excellent opportunity for a good investment. See the advertisement in this issue.

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sure and get the true Ds. Holman's Pan—the only genuine. All druggists and dealers. Farmers, painters, tinners and everyone who needs a ladder of any style and size. Send

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For the year ending December 31, 1881, there were imported into the United States, 85,017,562 pounds of tea cesting (not including freight), \$21,571,455. This enormous importation has depressed prices to a lower level than was ever known before, and the public ought to have the benefit of it. Robert Wells, the well known New York 'ea Merchant, advertises in another column ten pounds for one dollar, a price becel fore unheard of

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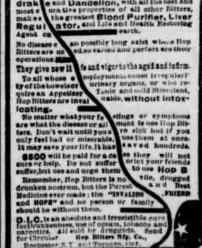
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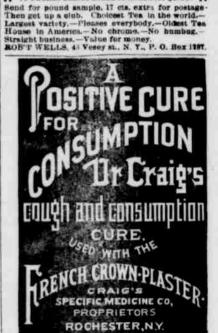
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